The White Star Line entertained last night board its giant steamship the Cedric a large number of newspaper men and a few-professional orators, including Simeon-Ford, who keeps a hotel that is not affoat. The dinner was a sort of preliminary send-of to the ship, which sails to-day on her first trip of the season to the Mediterranean, calling at the Azores and Gibralter. The passenger list is remarkable, not only for its length but for the prominent folk it

Never before has a liner on a regular trip carried so many first cabin passengers to the Levant. As there are no second cabin voyagers the multitude will have the use of four promenades and all the social rooms. These are some of the New Yorkers who will take the trip:

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Stafford, J. William Beekman, Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Derby, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Potter, Prof. Henry Fairfield Mrs. E. W. Potter, Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, H. W. Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Fiske, C. W. Leavitt, Jr. and family, C. D. Fuller and fam-ily, Capt. and Mrs. H. J. Hoehler, U. S. A.; Mr. and Mrs. George Gifford, Frederick Gebbard, Mrs. Frederick Neilson, F. N. Doubleday and

family, Henry Clark,
Others from out of town are Mrs. John
Story Jenks and family, G. V. Massey and
family, S. S. White and family, Mrs. George T.
Barnes and family of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Fred McQueston, Mrs. C. S. Minot, H. P. Jaques and family, H. H. Hunnewell and family, C. I. Thayer and family of Boston; Mrs. Henry W. Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Winston, W. E. Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. odman, K. Sawyer Goodman, Miss E. scham, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bell of Chicago; Mescham, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bell of Chicago, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Moore, Miss Moore, Mrs. S. F. Clark and Miss B. L. Hoops of Washington; George R. Turnbull and family of Bay Shore, L. I.; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Forman, Mrs. F. B. Forman, Clinton Morrison, Miss H. M. Wilmot, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Van Derlip, S. W. Minneapolis; John H. Jones and family, Mrs. J. G. Pontefract and S. B. Belden of Pittaburg; Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Osler, A. O. Beard-more and J. J. Cawthra of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Galt Fitzgerald and Dr. Delano S. Fitzgerald of Baltimore, and D. Clinton

Murray of Utica. Simeon Ford has crossed the ocean a few times, so his remarks were reminiscent. He said:

In the days when England was fighting the world on the high seas—when sailors were killed off so fast that the demand far exceeded the supply—it was the custom of ship captains to send out press gangs, so called—which would descend upon a town,

gather in as many men as it could lay hands on, and bear them off to sea.

But nowadays the "press gang" is used in a different way. Instead of carrying off people to sea by main force the press gang is expected to write so alluringly of the de-lights of the sea and of foreign travel that ingers rush in where angels fear to tread. and fill up the ships.

and fill up the ships.

This is by no means the first time this saloon has echoed to the sound of my resistless eloquence. Often when the gale has been roaring without I have been roaring within, and when the waves have dashed up against the side I have been up against it.

I have crossed so often on this craft that it has almost become a habit, or obscession.
When I come aboard the barkeeper greets
me with rapture and kills for me the vatted high ball, the stewards with pleasure, the stewardesses with suspicion, the doctor with

is the relaxation of the passengers. On English boats chin music prevails. Wherever two or three Anglo-Saxons are gathered to-On every trip a concert is gotten up for the pleasure of the passengers and the benefit of the sailors' orphans, thus giving an opportunity for those who have not been seasick to cough up anyhow. At these concerts it is the custom to select some solemn cuss to act the custom to select some solemn cuss to act as chairman, whose duty it is to state, at great length, the objects for which the crime is committed, crack jokes, tell venerable anecdotes, cast a gloom over the assembly and tire out all hands before the performers get tire out all hands before the performers get a crack at them. I generally hold this job down, and sometimes it's the only thing I can hold down. Such passengers as have the nerve, sing, play and recite. Charity, in thy name what sins are committed.

But I am always interested in the widow and the orphan (especially the widow) and it always seemed to me a beautiful reciprocal arrangement that the passengers, whose lives are in the keeping of the mariners, second supply the mariners, and the mariners.

should supply the money and the mariner should supply the widows and orphans.

Before concluding my oration I want to express my gratitude and that of my brethren and sisters, who are strong in the faith and weak in the stomach, to the people who evolved the metionless steamship. It is said that a glass of wine piaced on the rail of the Cedric would not lose a drop on the voyage. But never with this crowd aboard.)
Sessickness is said to be an affection of the

brain. Some people pride themselves on their immunity. Some people love the ocean when it is lashed into fury by the gale. I have viewed storms at sea from the decks of small ships, usually from a recumbent attitude in the lea scuppers, and there's nothing in it as a view, and there's nothing in me

P. A. S. Franklin, vice-president of the International Mercantile Marine Company, presided at the dinner, and made a speech complimentary to Capt. H. J. Haddock, who was creered by the diners. Other speakers were Judge Henry A. Gildersteeve and several newspaper men.

PERU SEEKS IMMIGRANTS. Offers Pree Transportation to Citizens of

This Country and Europe. In order to further emigration from the United States and Europe to Peru, President Pardo of Peru has issued a decree oncerning the distribution of the funds ncluded in the national budget for the

included in the national budget for the development of immigration.

The decree says that the nation will give third class tickets to all citizens of this country and Europe who have the intension of introducing some industrial enterprise or to private citizens between ten and fifty years old, if they are males, and ten to forty years, if they are females, who wish so so to Peru to give their services to agriculture, mining and the like.

The cost of the tickets will be paid by the Consul of Peru at the point of embarkstion direct to the steamship company after an individual examination as to the qualifications of the applicant to fill the conditions prescribed.

tions prescribed. The Seaguers.

On the American line steamship St. Paul, saling to-day for Southampton, will go:
Miss Elisabeth Allen, Mr. and Mrs. George
Ruckenham, George K. Butler, Mr. and Mrs.
Charles Carr, Richard Harding Davis, Percy
Duvall, Col. Count Gleichen, Military Attache
to H. B. M.'s Embassy, Washington; William
T. Henderson.

On the Amerika of the Hamburg-American ane, saling for Hamburg, will sail:

R. Livingston Beekman, Count E. H. A. B., Cas Bylandt, Mr. and Mrs. Justice H. Bowman, Apt. and Mrs. H. C. Bickford and Miss Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. William Nelson Cromwell Mrs. George Law, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Lordiger, Baron Wulff von Plessen, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Miss Vanderbilt.

The Cupard statements of the Hamburg-American Mrs.

Of the two authors of "The Mystery (McClure, Phillips and Company) Mr. Stewart Edward White has written delightfully of the woods and the mountains in earlier books. His partner, Mr. Samuel Höpkins Adams, whose career in avowed fiction has been shorter, is also at his best describing the nature he knows. They start story of pure adventure, and on the sea.

It is unfair in dealing with a book of this kind to tell the story. The reader wants to find that out for himself. We can only hint that it includes American naval officers, a picturesque Pacific akipper with a very rescally crew, a semi-comic scientist, an obliging volcane and absolutely no woman, and no hint of woman. The authors have studied their Stevenson with care; this appears not so much in parts of the plot, which are general property, as in the method of exposition and in the objective, almost inhuman, descriptions of persons and actions restricted to the of persons and actions, restricted to the of persons and actions, restricted to the uncolored statement of the necessary facts. The characters stand out clearly, just as they are needed for the purpose of the action, and the reader does not care what any one of them may be in other surroundings. The story keeps the reader on the alert and the interruption in it leads him on instead of checking his interest. The art shown in the construction is excel-

lent.

The public will probably be satisfied with the scientific "mystery" concected by the authors, and no doubt it is right to keep it doubtful as long as possible, but would not a clearer statement at the end, such as Mr. H. G. Wells always supplies, be more satisfactory? The lavish waste of life seems needless, but the story is cheerfully unsentimental and suggests the blood-thirstiness of extreme youth. There are a few slips in words and expressions that are noticeable in a book that is otherwise very well written.

Altogether "The Mystery" is an excellent readable tale of adventure, constructed with skill, provided with original incidents and told in good English. It affords great relief after a long season of mediocre

The Doings of an Ingenious Bandit. The bandit celebrated in K. and Hesketh hard's story of "Don Q. in the Sierra" (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia) was good at catching Englishmen. He lived with his band of obedient and otherwise serviceable outlaws in the mountains of Spain. Englishmen happened along, as it is understood they do in any and all parts of the world, and when they were near enough he bagged them. The account of what he did with a considerable

Not many brigands, we dare say, have borne any great resemblance to Don Q. He was of noble birth and full of Spanish courtesy. His height was 5 feet 5, he had the nose of a hawk and he was perfectly bald. His ingenuity was remarkable. Two Englishmen fell, or rather were proje kept his hat on when Don Q. politely as-luted. "My name," he informed the brigand, "is Rimbolt—Hammond Rimbolt. dare say you have heard of me. I am the private scoretary of Lord Flitterby, the coming Prime Minister of Great Britain." His captor regarded him with a odd eye. It was plain that the manner of Lord Flittery's secretary had not recommended him. The other prisoner removed his hat, and Don Q.'s face lighted with interest as he heard his name. He was Egbert Essenden, the famous cricketer. The bandit had as a guest pending the arrival of ransoms.
"I have long desired,"he said, "to converse understands its intricacies." liked the cricketer, but nevertheless feit himself obliged to put him to a curious

Out among the rocks the bandite set up an open keg of powder. Across the top of the keg they laid a narrow strip of wood. Of the keg they laid a narrow strip of wood.

Upon the strip of wood they set a rushlight.

Resenden was requested to take his place before the keg. A club was given to him. "I grieve," said Don Q., "that the bat is not better fashioned, but we have done all in our power to make it a weapon of defence." A short distance away a number of bandits. were engaged in tessing a ball to one another. The story calls upon the reader to consider seenden's position. "The rushlight flame. bleached to white by the sun glare, flickered not five inches above the powder heaped below; the mountaineers came up to a pre-scribed line and from there hurled the ball in turn." We can well believe that the cricketer received abiding impressions. The story says: "Never while he tived did he forget the scent that lived on the wind which roved through the valley. The con tants of the scene were etched in on his memory then and forever—a drunken bandit lying in the track where he had fallen on his way to the spectacle, the sky flushed as in a picture, the soft chill of early evening and his own grotesque employment in the mountains.

ball upon the barrel would have toppled the rushlight over into the gun-powder. We are glad to say that the cricketer won at the game. So was Don Q. glad. But the game had to be. "Noble deeds are rare," said Don Q. "When one beholds such a deed planned, one stands aside in reverence, for who would dare to baffle its fulfilment?"

Every Englishmen that Don Q. caught proved to be an interesting specimen. Adi the stories are highly ingenious and read-

C. G. Leiand's Heine.

It is pleasant to see a reissue of the late Charles Godfrey Leland's translations from Heine in a new edition in twelve volumes, "The Works of Heinrich Heine" (William Heinemann; E. P. Dutton and Company). From a note hidden away in a late volume we discover that Mr. Leland did not live to carry out the work he had undertaken and that the last four volumes are by other hands, one by Mr. T. Brooksbank, three by Margaret Armour, Mrs. W. B. Macdougall. Even as it is, the translation is by no means complete, but it certainly presents a larger amount of Heine's work than we have yet seen in English. Mr. Leland's notas, too,

contain interesting personal comments.

Mr. Leland's translation is not a great one nor a very accurate one. It often sets on edge the teeth of those who know the original, through its omissions and its blunders. It has, however, rendered a great service in making Heine's prose known in some degree to persons who can read only English. The "Pictures of Travel" was a pioneer book in its way, and much should be forgiven to

The fault was partly the translator's The Cunard steamship Caronia, sailing or Mediterranean ports, will carry:

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. W. Booth, Dr. Edward P. Brewer, Charles Gillett, George A. Gunther, Mrs. Pierre orillard, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Van Wydi.

English words. His prose is plain enough, notwithstanding the quirks of his fancy, but it is plain only in German and translation generally calls for an elaborate commentary. A good deal is lost in the brilliant French translation to which Heine put his name and which he certainly supervised covernity. Much more is lost in Mr. vised carefully. Much more is lost in Mr. Leland's, but still there is enough Heine left to make it worth reading by those to left to make it worth reading by those to whom German is a closed book. Leland certainly appreciated Heine. He went to Germany in that golden age when visits to Europe were rare and when the possessor of a fair stock of German was a marked man in England and America. When at work on his translation he had no fear of being called to task by any one who knew the language as well as himself. Certain vulgarities he was justified in leaving out, some broad passages might have rendered but there were an indolence and a car ness for accuracy of his own that made him pass over passages that were hard to put into English, and more than once he showed that his knowledge of German and of Ger-man institutions was not perfect. He has brought disaster on college youth who have trusted to him instead of applying to the dictionary.

and he had love for his author, and his transthe spirit of Heine. There was poetry enough in Hans Breitmann to make him handle the verse with respect, and in such poems as Mr. Leland himself translated the reader will find a literal rendering that is dignified and expresses Heine's thought,

wery successful, and those of Mrs. Macdougall are lamentable. Fancy a woman undertaking to put three volumes of Heine's péems into English verse!

There have been better bits of translation into English—Emma Lazarus with some of the poems, Mr. Snodkin with a little of the prose—but this one of Leland is likely to remain the most available for the bulk of Heine's work. Some day perhans a strict may area who has acqual haps a writer may arise who has equal command of German and of English, and who loves Heine besides, to offer a worthy translation of the prose in English. It will take a long succession of poets to render the poetry; no single versifier can do it.

By this time Mr. E. Phillips Oppenhe has demonstrated that he has the gift of elling a story and of holding his reader's attention. It may be too much to ask him to apply a little care to the construction of his plot before he plunges into his night write a really good story. His latest ook, "The Malefactor" (Little, Brown & Co.), is certainly readable. One character, the woman who causes all the trouble, at times comes dangerously near becoming a fine psychological sketch, without the uthor's consciousness, we fear. The plot s taken pretty audaciously from the real lot of Alexandre Dumas's "Monte Cristo." fact emphasized by the needless millions acquired by the hero, but Mr. Oppenheim had the right to take the situation and develop it according to his own views. The reader must judge whether he has improved on his predecessor. We can find no use for the journalist with whom he encumbe his story at the start and who comes pretty close to making it ridiculous at the end. The tragedy that sends his hero to jail is

for; the seader expects to be tricked and acquiesces if it is not done too clumsily. Two earlier books by Mr. Oppenheim are now republished by the same house, Little, Brown and Company. In these, too, the art of retaining the reader's attention is disagreeable tale of double consciousness Enoch Strone," the story of a strenuous young man who makes his way and suceeds in politics, might have a better chance if it were not for the flood of tales of noble litical reformers that this season has

needlessly preposterous. In a story like his, however, probability is not looked

"Old Cronnak," by Joseph Haldane (The Decker Publishing Company, New York) has the merit of presenting in its hero, unintentionally we fear, the portrait of an unpleasant but not uncommon type of American. The inability to wholly assimlate education, the self-consciousness that resents better manners or greater prosperity in others, the narrowness of intellectual and moral outlook, marks out a certain class in the Middle West. The self-revelation here is complete if any one cares to study it. The author has created a picturesque old villain, who deserved better artistic handing, and diverts his tale into a violent attack on the medical profession. This is ludicrous in its crudeness and malignity. The same effect of half-baked intelligence gone wrong is perceptible in the sociological and religious digressions. They would not be worth noticing if they were not charac-

teristic of a whole class.
One of Mr. H. G. Wells's characteristic and best known stories, "The Time Machine," is published in a new edition by Henry Holt and Company. The scienific side of the tale is more than satisfactory. as is usually the case with Mr. Wells. The adventures will give the reader the creeps. We could dispense with the sociology which always interferes with the art of the stories. Somehow Mr. Wells does not seem to have the same grasp of his own social theories that he has of his ingenious scientific problems. This, however, is a comvely early tale, of the time when Mr. Wells kept his sociology fairly well

There is all ingenious idea in Mr. Neil Wynn Williams's "The Electric Theft" (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston), and it is a pity the author does not stick to it. He amuse himself, however, by leading his reader on false trails that serve in no way to help the story along and which selong to the commonplaces of criminal stories. He commits the crime, too, of stopping his tale in order to go back and explain. The reader will have patience if

pe reads to the end. In every one of the twelve tales that make up "Moonshine Strategy," by Wells Hawkes (J. and M. Ottenheimer, Baltimore), there is a story. We wish we could say that of other collections. They are somewhat lacking in literary skill, some are a trifle too sentimental, but the author makes his point clearly and satisfies the reader. He knows what a story is and, we hope, is in one.

A sentimental ples against vivisection will be found in Will M. Clemens's "The House of a Hundred Doors' (The Hawthorne Press, New York). It is difficult to understand how it can help its cause.

The Dodge lectures delivered before Yale The Dodge lectures delivered before Yale II University last summer by the Hon. William Howard Taft are published with the title "Four Aspects of Civic Duty" by Charles Scribner's Sons. The piea of "not prepared," with which they open seems unnecessary, for the lecturer is a ready speaker whose characteristic is sound sense. It would have, perhaps, been difficult for him.

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to employ a more formal style with an audience to which the Scoretary knew he must always be "Big Bill Taft of "78." His views of citizenship from the several positions he has occupied—college graduate, judge, colonial administrator and executive official—deserve respectful and careful consideration. The Italian title of the book by Prof. Gra

niano Paolo Clerici, which Mr. Frederic Chapman has translated as "A Queen of Indiscretions" (John Lane Company), was the longest scandal of the nine This means the domestic dissensions between Caroline of Brunswick and her husband, George IV. That wretched business, with the State trial for its culmination, has taken undue proportions in English history and English literature. It is eighty years since it came to an end, and we must onfess that we find no excuse for bringing it up again in the book before us. Prof. Clerici has followed up with amazing inabtedly has put together much uncompiled an introduction that cozes out added anything of importance to the half forgotten story? That Caroline was indiscreet to the verge of insanity is, we imagine, admitted; that the First Gentleman Europe was an accomplished scoundre s likely to be an accepted opinion till the reach his reign. The political importance of Caroline's possible adultery vanished tions made at her trial have faded wofully. It might gratify a morbid antiquarian curiosity to prove her guilty, but that this volume does not do, as the translator and the author form opposite opinions from the evidence. Those who care to look at life from the pettiest and most despicable side will find what they seek for in the account of the creatures who surrounded

The cult of Leonardo da Vinci goes back least to the late Mr. P. G. Hamerton. It then had the merit of being a matter of faith, as the evidence on which it was built was inaccessible to the general reader. Iconoclastic critics have been at work since then on the most tangible work he eft, his paintings, so that the cautious ayman does not dare to express his adiration for any of his pictures, as the chances are that the critics have decreed that somebody else painted them. One uncontroverted original, "The Last Judgment," has crumbled away. His writings were left in an even more unsatisfactory condition, as is shown in the bibliographical on Art and Life by Leonardo da Vinci," translated by Maurice Baring (The Merryfrom many sources, and are arranged under the general heads of life, art and science. They will give the English reader some rational clue to the admiration that Leon ardo inspired in his lifetime and after. The book is the first volume of "The Humanists' Library," edited by Mr. Einstein, a real limited edition, in which the effort typographical art can do. The new type used is beautiful. The volume will please

Though the Wagner epidemic is rhough the wagner epidemic is subsiding, some people still take their Wagner very solemnly. Here is "The Ethics of Wagner's Ring of the Nihebung," by Mary Elizabeth Lewis (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Why any one should be concerned with the ethics of Richard Wagner, musical composer, more than with those of Jacques Offenbach or of John Sebastian Bach it s difficult to see. The music dramas are artistic compositions that express the author's sethetic ideas and not sermons expounding "ideals of conduct." The "ethics" of the relations between Tristan and Isolde did not bother the composer; they surely were not of his making. In the main that is true also of the "Ring"; in which Scandinavian mythology, Norse egend and Wagner's modifications for his dramatic purposes make the hunt for a code of "ethics" even more of a wild goose chase. It must be said for this book, however, that besides the ethical commentary

it relates the plot of the trilogy.

From the amount and the character of the literature that has appeared, we fancy that bridge is not altogether a peaceable game and that reference to authority is frequent. Disputants will welcome "The Bridge Blue Book," by Paul F. Mottelay (Charles Scribner's Sons), which is a sort of compact digest of the laws, decisions and epinions of authorities on bridge on nearly very point on which opinions can diverge There is a very full bibliography. The modified games that have sprung from bridge are also described.

It is curious how little difference in the logmatic tone of religious discussion is made when an agnostic ascends the pulpit. In "What Is Man?" (The De Vinne Press) the Socratic method of question and answer is employed, after the model of Plato's dialogues, to demonstrate certain views, which the reader will consider, we fear, less daring and more obvious than the author does. Materialists will not need to be converted and religious persons will find no new argument to controvert. The author, however, succeeds in stating his

views logically and clearly. A fourth series of "Shelburne Essays" by Mr. Paul Elmer More appears (G. P. Putnam's Sons). As the author continues his papers lose more and more the character of studies in literature to take on the form of magizine book reviews.

There is no waste of words or space in Mr. Samuel E. Ritchey's "Woodwork" (American Book Company). The book is intended for a high school manual training school, in which the instructor's time limited. The information is all practical. and put clearly and briefly. It covers instruction in the nature of wood, in carpentry, wood turning, cabinet making, molding

and pattern making. The illustrations are helpful.

Two more books on gardens, one Eng-

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lish and one American, and differing wholly in point of view. In "The Garden Beautiful" (John Murray; Charles Scribner's Sons), a vulgar form which we are sorry see spreading to England, Mr. W. Robinson has a good deal to say that is of interest about wild flowers and plants and about the woods. He with some reason objects to formal gardens and to ornaments. He criticises many places in England. He is writing for the English public and with the English climate in mind, so that much that he tells must be modified before it can be applied to America. The title of Mr. Loring Underwood's "The Garden and Its Accessories" (Little, Brown and Company) is somewhat misleading, for the book deals chiefly with the accessories. It is full of suggestions for artificial ornamentation, summer houses, arbors, per-golas, sun dials, fountains, walls and fences, and so forth. It is a manual of garden bric-a-brac in the modern taste, that has followed after the castiron statue period, whose simplicity it may yet cause us to re-

"Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea." 2 vols. Lord Stanmore. (E. P. Dutten and Company.) "The Cambridge 'Apostles.' " Frances M. Brookfield. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"Scientific Confirmations of Old Testament
History." G. Frederick Wright, D. D., LL. D.

Bibliotheca Sacra Company, Oberlin, Ohio.)
"The Tragedy of the Klondike." Lucia Day. "God's Acre." The Rev. James Burrell, LL. D. (Tiffany Studios, New York.)
"The Chief Legatee." Anna Katharine Green.
(The Authors and Newspapers Association, New

"Melody in Speech." Robert R. Raymond. (Edgar S. Werner and Company, New York.)
"Werner's Readings and Recitations." Cats and Kittens." Mrs. Frederick S. Pender Edgar S. Werner and Company.) "Mexico's Treasure House (Guana juato)." Percy Martin. (The Cheltenham Press, New York.) "El Diez de Febrero. Bogots, Colombia." (F. J.

Dassori, New York.) "The Great Days of Versailles." G. F. Bradby. (Smith, Elder and Company; Charles Scribner's "Plane Geometry." Edward Rutledge Robbins

(American Book Company.)
"Wilshire Editorials." Gaylord Wilshire. (Wilshire Book Company, New York.)
"When Yesterday Was Young." Mildred L.
McNeal-Sweeney. (Robert Grier Cooke, New "Through the Sleve." Addison Ballard, D. D.

Dinner to Postmaster Willeox To-night. The annual informal banquet tendered to the Postmaster of New York by the superintendents, assistant apprintendents and department heads of the local Post Office will be held this evening at the Hotel Knickerbooker. Covers will be laid for about 120 and there will be informal speechmaking by former Postmaster-General Thomas L. James, George R. Sheldon and other invited guests.

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Dr. Stevenson will preach in the morning.
Dr. H. G. Furbay will speak is the afternoon.
Bible School at 9:30 A. M.
Men's Bible Class at 9:45 A. M.
Wednesday Evening Prayer Meeting at 8:15.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), 34th St. and Fark Ave. Services 11 A. M. Rev. Rebert Collyer will preach Subject: "New Songs."
Sunday School 19 o'clock in Caapet. Entrance on Park Avenue.

CHURCH OF THE HEAVENLY REST,
Pith Avenue (above 45th St.),
REV. D. PARKER MONGAN, D. D., RECTOR,
8 A. M., Holy Communion; II A. M., Morning
Prayer and Holy Communion; Sermon by Rev. H.
Shipman; 8 P. M., Evening Prayer; Preacher, the
Rector.

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